

## SEVERE.

M. F. H. (to Youth from neighbouring Hunt, who has been making himself very objectionable).  
 "Now, look here, young man. I go CUB-HUNTING for the purpose of educating my own PUPPIES. AS YOU BELONG TO ANOTHER PACK, I'LL THANK YOU TO TAKE YOURSELF HOME!"

## THE PUNKAH-BOATS.—A FORECAST.

It was a cloudless morning in November, 1902, when a tall figure in a yachting-suit, and wearing about his neck a yellow scarf besprinkled with green shamrocks, wearily ascended the bridge of a steam yacht lying off Sandy Hook. He was greeted by another but stouter figure similarly attired with, "Mornin', Sir THOMAS."

"Good morning," said the taller mariner.

"Any wind?"

"No wind, Sir THOMAS, as usual," replied the other, pointing to the burgee aloft, which hung as straight down the mast as a dead pig in a pork-butcher's shop.

"This makes our fourth year, I believe?" observed Sir THOMAS.

"Our fourth year, Sir THOMAS," assented his companion, "and never a match finished yet."

"Well, we shall try the Punkah-boats to-day," said Sir THOMAS, "and if they don't send us along, nothing on earth

ever will. Let the crew have an extra tot of our unrivalled one-and-sevenpenny apiece before we start."

"Aye, aye, Sir THOMAS," replied the skipper, as he slid down the taffrail into the caboose.

An hour later, a curious sight might have been observed as the competing yachts drifted to the starting point. Behind each of them were two large electric barges carrying what appeared like huge lateen sails; but, directly the signal gun was fired, the broad sheets of canvas worked to and fro with ceaseless activity immediately astern of either competitor. These barges were the Punkah-boats referred to by Sir THOMAS, and had been specially constructed by an ingenious American inventor for the special purpose of bringing, by means of artificial breezes, some practical termination to the International matches commenced in October, 1899. It had long ago been decided by the Committees of the New York and Royal

Ulster Yacht Clubs that the result of a single race should decide the fate of the America Cup. They moreover had sanctioned the construction of the wind-compellers in question.

It must be confessed that if the Punkah-boats did not succeed in producing much speed in the yachts, yet nevertheless they made both *Columbia* and *Shamrock* travel over the glassy ocean at a considerable rate, and there were considerable wagers at even money (in dollars) as to the result. Even Sir THOMAS shook off his day-by-day apathy, and for the first time for two years tossed off an impromptu jest.

"Why," he asked, "are we like Twelfth Night?" Every one gave it up.

"Because, bedad," he observed, with a twinkle of his optics, "we at last have got rid of the waits."

A burst of cheering followed this pleasantry, and Signor MARCONI promptly aëro-wired to the mainland that the Irish brigade were much elated with the success of the new "puffers," for so the Punkah-boats were styled in nautical circles. Meantime the racing yachts kept neck and neck.

The end was fast approaching. The goal was near! On, *Columbia*, on! Speed, *Shamrock*, speed! The "Punkahs" are working like the wings of fallen angels, the excitement is intense, the mark-boat is passed. The gun fires. Women shriek with emotion, strong men quiver with excitement. Up goes the signal from the umpire's boat. "DEAD HEAT." The Punkah-boats have done their work only too well. Sir THOMAS calls for a cup of 2s. 6d. (*Cuvée Réservee*), and rolls drearily into his satin-lined bunk. He cannot escape his doom.

## FINE FINANCE.

*La Patrie* asserts that there is a syndicate in England which finances public meetings in favour of the British Government. Our Parisian contemporary is quite correct, there is such a syndicate. It sits at Bow Street and levies contributions with strict impartiality on behalf of the Government. Aliens have before now been known to contribute to this strictly Patriotic Fund.



She. "WHY, MR. SMITH, YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU HAVE TAKEN UP GOLF!"  
 Smith (age 78). "YES. I FOUND I WAS GETTING A BIT TOO OLD FOR LAWN TENNIS!"



UNDER ONE FLAG.

## TALKY AND HIS FRIENDS.

(With apologies to Mr. R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.)

"STOP rottin'," said the COCKROACH (It was just after dinner on a half-holiday' and the Three were met in Number Five Study.) "Desist from exhibiting the depraved frivolity of your moral natures. Let's get to biznai. What are we goin' to do this blessed afternoon?"

"Cricket?" suggested the GOOSE. "Shall we go down to the nets? Or racquets?"

"Dry up, you futile burbler!" commanded TALKY. "Don't you know better than that by this time—after you've been in this amusing old college five years? Bless your innocent heart, my Gosling, we don't play no games—that ain't our line, not by long chalks. We provide light and wholesome readin' for the domestic circle—a chapter a month in a magazine, and then a beautiful red volume."

"D'you think we're ordinary school-boys?" echoed the COCKROACH, and he laughed till he rolled helpless on the floor, gasping: "Fids! oh, fids! Hefty gloats and fids!" Neither of the others knew what he meant. But then it was a tradition of the college to talk like that.

There was a knock at the study door, and the Chaplain entered. The GOOSE's *Thucydides* just missed, but TALKY's *Gradus* hit him fair and square between the eyes.

"Sorry, Padre!" said TALKY. "Clink-in' good heave, though, wasn't it? And we always treat our Chaplain without ceremony, you know. That's another of our traditions."

"Bravo, *mes enfants*," replied the Chaplain, smiling lovingly upon them, as he seated himself in the only other armchair. "Quite right. In this college, as the Head says, we must always show our blatant originality. In most public schools, I believe, it is but seldom, to say the least, that a master smokes his pipe in a fifth-form study. Consequently, I do it in every chapter. Daresay the Head 'll drop in for a quiet weed presently." He lighted his pipe and puffed it silently for some minutes.

"Look here, Padre," said TALKY at length, "We're stuck. We're stuck in a bloomin' tight hole, all three of us. Take it by and large, you're a bit less of a thoroughgoing stinker than the other masters. We wouldn't do it if we weren't obliged, and we'll let you down light, but there's no help for it."

"Our TALKY speaks in parables," remarked the Chaplain, blowing artistic smoke-rings to the ceiling. "Perpend, TALKY, perpend. In what way can I place my poor services at your disposal?"

"Well, it's like this, Sir—(we call you 'Sir' just once in a way to show there's no ill-feeling). We're making a book, the three of us—COCKROACH, GOOSE, an' me. Every chapter shows how we score off a master. We've used 'em all up, bar one. Now we've got to score off *you*."

"I won't hurt much, Padre," added the COCKROACH anxiously, "and I'll write a lovely poem about it. Shall we fill your bed with dead rats, or burn your room out, or get you run in as drunk? It don't matter what it is, so long as it 'll fill a dozen pages or so."



Horse Dealer. "DID THAT LITTLE MARE I SOLD YOU DO FOR YOU, SIR?  
Nervous Horseman. "NEARLY!"

"Nothing like as bad as Brush-Drill, or Ag-Ag, or the Key," put in the GOOSE.

The Chaplain smiled more expansively than ever. "Oh, I leave it to you," he said. "At this school the boys treat the masters as they please."

"Except the Head," said a voice in the doorway. It was the Doctor, smoking a cigar. He sprawled affably on the table.

"Downy old bird!" said TALKY.

"What a giddy jest!" murmured the GOOSE.

"Hefty fids! I gloat!" This was the COCKROACH's contribution.

"Ah," said the Head, with a wise cock of his left eyebrow. "And when did I flog you three gentlemen last? Not in this chapter, I believe? So I thought. My talented TALKY, my golden GOOSE, my charming COCKROACH, if you will honour my poor study with your presence, the omission shall be rectified forthwith."

## THE YACHT RACE.

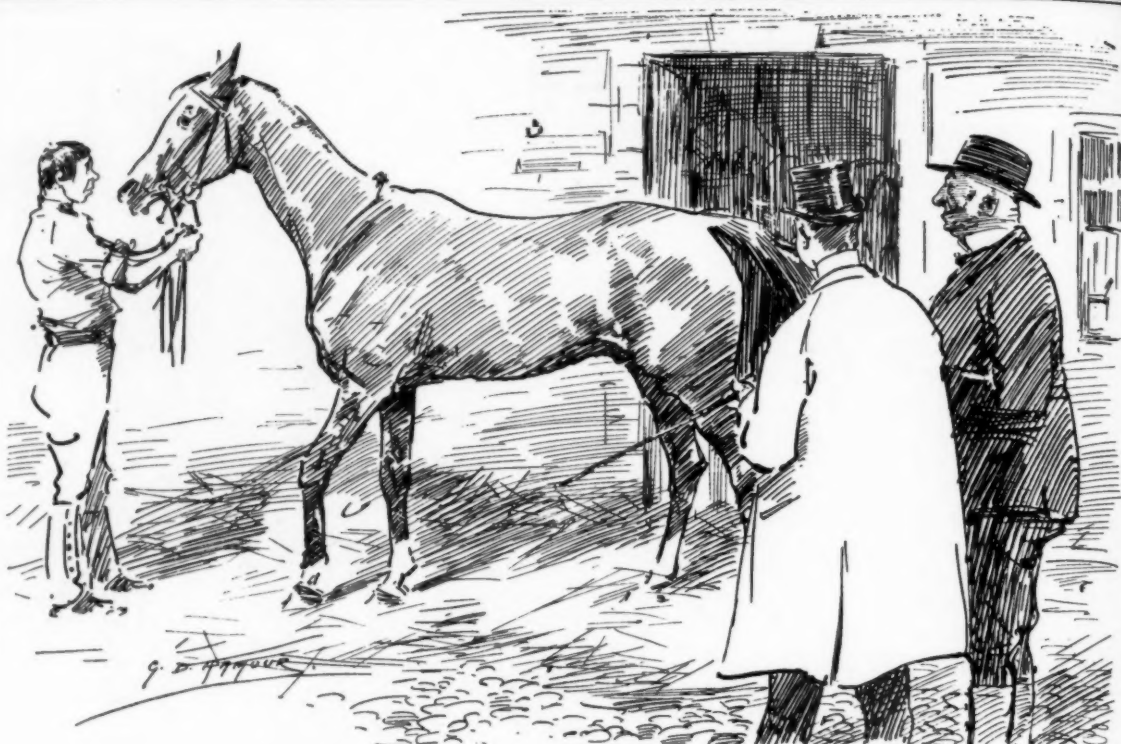
SIR THOMAS was a millionaire, And yet he found, to his despair, To "raise the wind" he had no spell, So every sail became a "sell."

## DOMESTIC NOMENCLATURE.

Mrs. Cristleby (to new under house-maid from Dorsetshire). Now I wish you to understand, MARTHA, that in future you will be called JANE. In order to avoid trouble, our butler is always SMITH, our footman THOMAS, our upper house-maid MARY, our under house-maid JANE, our cook ROBINSON, and our scullery-maid ELIZA.

REFLECTION BY MR. J-HN M-RL-Y.—Two wrongs don't make a right. Quite so, but one REITZ may make any amount of wrongs.



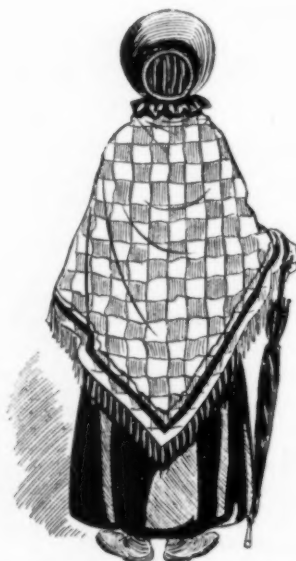


**' A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY.'**

"DON'T LIKE THAT LEG? WHY, BLESS YOUR LIFE, SIR, THAT'S ONLY A 'ABIT THEM CHARGERS GETS OF STANDIN' AT HEASE."

**THE DESCENT OF FASHION ;**

*Or, Studies in the Shawl Costume.*



COUNTRY—1859

**THE WOMAN AT HOME.**

[“The more sulky the man, the more cheerful the wife should be.”—*The Bishop of London.*]

WHEN woes episcopal arise  
On every hand, and trouble tries  
My temper, and uneasy lies  
The head that wears the mitre ;  
If, loving wife, you then should see  
A sulky frown where none should be,  
Remember, it is still for thee  
To smile a little brighter.

When war diocesan is rife,  
When lay and cleric fall to strife  
And make a burden of my life,  
And fight like gladiators,  
Still with thy smile my anger witch,  
Although my nervous fingers itch  
With passion, and uneasy twitch  
The legs that wear the gaiters.

And if by chance I am beguiled—  
For even bishops meek and mild  
May sometimes, when extremely riled  
Say things that bishops shouldn't—  
If I should ever tempted be  
To bluster out a big, big D,  
Do not give way to repartee—  
A perfect wifekin wouldn't ;

But still the more I sulk and gloom  
The more I curse and swear and fume  
And fling the things about the room,  
The sweeter you must smile, dear ;  
And consolation you will find  
If you will bear this thought in mind—  
'Tis woman's mission to be kind,  
And only man is vile, dear.

**THE DESCENT OF FASHION ;**

*Or, Studies in the Shawl Costume.*



TOWN—1899.

## AN OLD HAND AT THE GAME.

(By One who knows Him.)

["The Republics are determined, if they must belong to England, that a price will have to be paid which will stagger humanity."—President Kruger's cablegram to the "New York Herald."]

Will stagger? Tell us something new,  
Most worthy Oom, that you've in view,  
Some piece of fresh urbanity!  
A pastime that you've played for years  
(To ev'ry reasoning mind appears)  
Is—"staggering humanity."

Your Boers have practised over long  
The tale of arrogance and wrong,  
And overweening vanity;  
A second PHARAOH, many a day  
The aliens you've oppressed, by way  
Of "staggering humanity."

At last the "Rooinek" 's at hand  
To waken justice in your land,  
And bring you back to sanity;  
A little while—you lose your claim  
To prosecute your fav'rite game  
Of "staggering humanity."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MRS. EARLE, greatly daring as she confesses, has, with SMITH, ELDER's assistance, put forth *More Pot Pourri* from a Surrey Garden. In writing what was, perhaps, the first printed word of hearty welcome to the pioneer of these papers, my Baronite took exception to the quite unnecessary, and therefore almost criminal, use in the title of a French word that has no creditable acceptance even in its own country. "In a Surrey Garden" is not only sufficient for labelling purposes, but is pretty withal. Mrs. EARLE admits that "it is sad to have to repeat the un-English name," and forthwith repeats it, a quaintness sufficient of itself to declare her sex. Apart from this perversity, the second volume has all the charm of the first. It is just the friendly chat of a lady who has not only read books, but knows all about her kitchen, and, if possible, more about the garden she loves. The chapters are ranged under the heads of the months of the year, each suggesting its theme in garden and house. To illustrate Mrs. EARLE's versatility, it may be mentioned that she begins the year with reflections upon such diverse subjects as Apples, Skim-milk, BOTTICELLI's drawings, Manure-heaps, TISSOT's Bible, Winter honeysuckle, and RIPPINGGILL's patent stove. On each, sound, useful information is pleasantly conveyed.

Mr. STEEVENS adds to his growing library of travel-books a volume on India (BLACKWOOD). It may be presumed that, like their predecessors, these chapters originally appeared in the form of letters to the daily paper whose staff Mr. STEEVENS greatly strengthens. Unlike most special correspondence re-issued in book-form, there is in the matter and style no trace of newspaper manner. As throwing a glowing, yet piercing light on life in the East, the book comes nearer to the level of *Eothen* than anything my Baronite can at the moment recall. Mr. STEEVENS has an apparently illimitable command of picturesque language. In feebler hands this would be a weakness finally leading to bathos. With him, radiant adjectives fall into the right place, illuminating a picture which, though highly coloured, never offends. His stay in India does not appear to have been prolonged. But it is wonderful what some men can see whilst others are adjusting their spectacles with intent to look. Mr. STEEVENS saw a long way through India, its peoples, its customs, its trade, and its kaleidoscopic street pictures. He has, in marked degree, the gift of sharing his acquisitions with his readers.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

## CAN IT BE A-FR-D?

HERE's a nice advertisement:—

CHRISTIAN WRITER and POET desires POST. Small remuneration. —27 A., &c.

Eh? Can it be—? No. His initials are A. A. Still it would be in full accordance with his disposition to efface himself if he modestly put forth only one half of his initials.

CAPITAL STUDY FOR AN ANIMAL PAINTER.—Going out and drawing a badger.



"HAVE YOU BEEN AWAY?" YES. I WENT TO BRUSSELS."  
"DID YOU GO TO 'WATERLOO'?" "NO. CHARING CROSS."

## HOME THOUGHTS FROM AT HOME.

(Nor by Robert Browning, who is only responsible for the detestable metre.)

OH, to be out of England now October's there,  
When whoever wakes in England is made painfully aware  
That the golden Summer's over and dead,  
That Autumn's here with a cold in its head,  
That the rain has come, and the east wind too  
In England,—Ugh!

And after October comes November  
With fogs "the thickest you ever remember."  
See how the driving mist and weeping rain  
With leaden pall the sodden landscape cover  
And send you shuddering back to sleep again!  
That's your wise man; He yawns and then turns over,  
Lest the mere thought of getting up encumber  
The blest return to slumber.  
Days pass and weeks, and still no sun appears,  
You pack your traps and hurry to Algiers,  
Careless alike of business done or undone.  
Ah, better far than shivering here in London

## EX LUCELLO LUX.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I perceive that the London County Council is about to promote bills for the construction of Light Railways round about London. I have been so pleased with the idea. A few suburban Light Railways would indeed be pleasurable. But before starting fresh enterprises, why not use the material already rolling? Why not, for instance, introduce lighted lamps into the carriages, which ply between Victoria and the Crystal Palace? The long black tunnels not only turn day into night, but also hundreds away from the Sydenham glasshouse of popular recreation. I believe that there is some Board of Trade regulation on the subject, but, of course, only for waste paper purposes. Light railways by all means! Your obedient servant,  
Pharos Lodge, Gipsy Hill. ELECTRA ARC.

SUITABLE spot (provided that Lord ILCHESTER does not object) for the next meeting of the Transvaal League:—Holland Park—much safer than Trafalgar Square.



### THE ALTERNATIVE.

*The Doctor.* "WELL, MRS. BARNES, I MUST OFFER YOU MY CONGRATULATIONS. I HEAR YOU'VE MARRIED AGAIN. AND HAVE YOU GIVEN UP YOUR OCCUPATION OF WASHING?"

*Mrs. Barnes.* "OH, NO, SIR. BUT, YOU SEE, IF I 'ADN'T TAKEN 'E, I 'D 'A' 'AD TO 'A' BOUGHT A DONKEY!"

### MY FRIEND THE ENEMY.

AIR—"John Peel."

Mr. M-RL-Y remarks:—

Do ye ken yon PAUL with his poll so bleak?  
Do ye ken yon PAUL with his pipe in his cheek?  
Do ye ken what he did last Monday week  
By way of a bold ultimatum?

O his wrongs they lie on my heart like lead,  
And I try but I cannot keep still in bed  
For the twang of his psalter that hums in my head  
And the boom of his bold ultimatum!

Do ye ken yon braves in their manhood's might,  
How they challenge our women to open fight,  
How they cheer my name on Majuba's height,  
Going mad on the bold ultimatum?

O I love to plead in a tremolo bass  
For the rights of a good old stiff-necked race,  
But they put J. M. in a tightish place  
With the blast of their bold ultimatum!

I have cursed whoever begins the fray,  
Yet I stick to my Boer and I stand at bay,  
And I won't, no I won't, be given away  
By my friend with his bold ultimatum!

So there's LABBY and me and Mr. STEAD,  
We all lie awake and we fidget in bed,  
For their loud Alleluias would deafen the dead  
On the top of their bold ultimatum!

Mr. CH-MB-RL-N replies:—

Yes, I ken yon PAUL with his weird little ways,  
And the curious number of trumps he plays,  
But I'm joining, just now, in his hymn of praise  
On the strength of his rude ultimatum.

Had a deal been done with his Raad all round,  
What neater device could have well been found?  
It suits my figure right down to the ground,  
This model of a rude ultimatum.

O I've followed my Oom at his tortuous trade,  
And I've had no rest since the so-called Raid,  
And this is the first false move he's made—  
I refer to his rude ultimatum.

If his JOSEPH had stuffed him a full-sized sack  
With Government gold till the seams went crack,  
My Oom would have had to pay me back  
With just such a rude ultimatum!

So here's to the party that played my game  
With himself and nobody else to blame  
For foes gone wild and for friends turned tame  
On account of his rude ultimatum!

O I've much to forgive, but I seem to yearn  
To embrace yon Oom with his eye so stern,  
He couldn't have done me a kindlier turn  
Than he did with his rude ultimatum!

BOERS' GREASE.—KRÜGER'S ultipomatum.



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—OCTOBER 18, 1899.



## THE SINEWS OF WAR.

JOHN BULL. "FIRE AWAY, JOE! I'M WITH YOU! I'LL LOOK AFTER THE AMMUNITION!"





## THE WICKED UNCLE IN THE HAYMARKET.

At Her Majesty's, with his superb revival of *King John*, Mr. BEERBOHM TREE has achieved the biggest success of his present management. I should imagine that there never has been, even during the régime of CHARLES KEAN at the Princess's, so perfect a setting given to this series of scenes which place before us the history of the period in dramatic action. Such a spectacle so pleases Lords, Commons, and the gods above, that if every night the appearance of the house is the same as it was when we were present, then Mr. TREE must be having perpetual "bumpers." Out of this vast crowd not a soul stirs until the curtain descends on the last patriotic speech of *Faulconbridge* over the dead body of *King John*.

Magnificent are the costumes, and splendid the suits of burnished armour that dazzle our eyes in camp and court, and it is quite in keeping with what SCOTT has told us of *Isaac of York*, who could supply a Knight Templar's complete outfit, sword included, at shortest notice, that the armourers to the court of *King John* should be (as is stated in the bill) "Messrs. L. & H. NATHAN."

Rough, rugged, and conscious of his own dramatic force and skill in fence is the *Philip Faulconbridge* of Mr. LEWIS WALLER; while the madness of *Constance*, as portrayed by Miss JULIA NELSON, powerfully enlists the sympathies of all the anti-Johnnies in the audience.

Carefully studied is every detail of Mr. TREE's "business" in the scene where *King John* gains over to his evil purpose the ill-favoured, soft-hearted, emotional *Hubert*, capably played by Mr. FRANKLIN MCLEAY, and engages him for the post of *Prince Arthur's* private executioner. How much easier it would have been to have killed little *Arthur* outright than to have commenced his compassed death by putting out his eyes with red-hot irons! Yet, had this roundabout method not been adopted, the pathetic scene between *Arthur* (Master CHARLES SEFTON) and *Hubert* would never have occurred to the "Divine WILLIAMS," and the Drama would have been the poorer.

Well chosen is Miss BATEMAN as the representative of the cruel, selfish, and ambitious mother of *King John*, who, as *King Henry the Second's* widow, cannot forget how she once starred on the Oxford circuit, and, with poisoned bowl and deadly dagger, played the rôle of the leading tragedienne, when, in the sensational scene at Woodstock, she offered to *Rosamond Clifford*, then "playing seconds" to her *Elinor*, the choice of either method, as the shortest and most effective way of ending her part in the sad drama of *The King's Favourite*.

The tableaux of *The Fight*, arranged by JOSEPH HARKER, and of the *Granting of Magna Charta*, are admirably contrived and artistically arranged, and would be most impressive but that any tableau vivant seems to be incomplete without the clicking of machinery, the tinkling of a musical box, and jerky action on the part of the figures. In the signing of Magna Charta some of the figures did work, and no wonder, considering the amount of pennies in the boxes, but, for all that, we could have stood another turn or two of the heads to right or left, and we should like to have had both tableaux with us for just a couple of minutes longer.



King John signing the Long Lease of Her Majesty's Theatre.



## FOILED AGAIN.

*Light-fingered Gentleman.* "YUSS. I WANTS TO KNOW JUST WHERE IS THEIR POCKETS. DOIN' US OUT OF OUR CHAWNST, THAT'S WOT THEY 'RE UP TO!"

["At present pockets are not supposed to be worn in the skirt."

*Fashion Papers.]*

Mr. LOUIS CALVERT has not got hold of the true Cardinal Pandulph, whose Italian courtesy, when his Eminence is placed in more than one extremely unpleasant position, should always be in strong contrast to the boorish manners of the uncultured Barons. Miss DORA SENIOR's performance as *Prince Henry* is full of promise.

Altogether there is here every sign that the old theatrical proverb as to "SHAKESPEARE spelling ruin" will be falsified, and that the result will be a long and most profitable run. Her Majesty's is now one of the brightest and most comfortable theatres in London. Remember also, that over the portals (in effect) is written

No fees

At BEERBOHM TREE's.

Outside, we would suggest that the service for fetching cabs and carriages is capable of considerable improvement. The system, which I believe works well elsewhere, of giving a numbered ticket to the coachman and also to the occupant of the carriage, has not yet been tried at Her Majesty's. But that's another story, and as to the play, though *King John* be full of the clash of arms and war's alarms, yet Mr. TREE may well congratulate himself on having obtained a "lasting piece."

## ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

ANGLO-AMERICAN.—Yes, we believe it is quite true that when, during his recent reception at New York, a man in the crowd called out, "Are you any relation to Dewey Eve?" the Admiral promptly replied, "Some. She was my first mother." As you say, the humour of the querist is a little thin. But it gave Admiral DEWEY an opportunity of showing that he is as ready on land as he was prompt at sea. No; we do not see any reason to believe that the incident was pre-arranged by the Committee.

RECENT DISCUSSION RE PRONUNCIATION OF PRESIDENT KRÜGER'S NAME.—Dear Mr. Punch,—Having seen your beautiful picture (in issue of October 4) representing Oom PAUL reviewing his troops, no further doubt can be entertained as to the "gee" being hard!

Yours,

SUJAR-FOR-BIRD.



## BICYCLING NOTES.

A FREE WHEEL.

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.  
ON THE CRISIS.

SCENE—An Hotel in Milan.

Auguste. *Si je ne me trompe pas, c'est Monsieur LUDWIG. Enchanté de vous rencontrer, cher Monsieur! Comment allez-vous?*

Ludwig. *Wie? Ach so! Ja, ja, ja! Herr AUGUST. Es freut mich sehr. Wunderbar! Wie geht's?*

Aug. *Je suis désolé, mais je n'en comprends pas un mot. Vous parlez français, n'est-ce pas?*

Lud. *Je? Non! Je parler pas. So must we English speak, when you no Italianish can. Lingua italiana? That but can I not.*

Aug. Nor me not more. What damage! Eh well, speak the language of the perfidious Albion. I have forgotten her one little, this language. *Quelle langue! Quel pays!* What think you of the war of the Transvaal?

Lud. *Schrecklich! Shriekly! It is even so wicked as the war of Madagas— Ach nein! As the governing of Aegypten.*

Aug. Nothing of more odious since the prise of the provinces of Slesvig-Hols—I wish to say the provinces, the provinces of— *Sapristi!* You make one little

voyage of agreement in Italy, dear Mister? Me I go to Venise. I part this afternoon.

Lud. I travel towards Florenz. Venedig is wonderfine.

Aug. But there is some English, too much of English partout. Ah, these English! Are they insupportable!

Lud. *Abscheulich!* The Frenchers and the Russiers should the Englanders attack, and the poor KRÜGER save.

Aug. Ah no, I am not of your advice. It is the affair of the Puissances of the North, of the Allemagne and of the Russia.

Lud. *Ach nein!* We speak much, but the KAISER will nothing do. Read you ever the *Kölnische Zeitung*?

Aug. Comment? I have readed in one journal of Paris a traduction of many morsels very interesting from one journal of your country, *la Gazette de Cologne*.

Lud. *Bitte?* I have never thereof heard. But the English ministers have foreign enemies, even in England. To the example, it is one Frencher, who much writes and speaks, ever very violent, one certain HARCOURT. Without doubt is he Frenchish, as his name.

Aug. Pardon, this mister is not French. Me also, when I have readed his letters, I have believed that it was not one English, but one of your compatriots. How write you "*de*," en allemand "*von*"? Un "*v*"

minuscule, ainsi? Parfaitement! Eh well, his name write himself, W. v. HARCOURT. *C'est un nom allemand, quoique français. WILHELM VON HARCOURT, n'est-ce pas?* And however it is not one Allemand, it is one noble English, he is "*bart*," Sir HARCOURT Bart. He love the Boers.

Aug. He love not this CHAMBERLAIN. Ah, these English! How they mock themselves the one of the other. Always some quarrels!

Lud. Yes well, but they are not so divided as the Fren— *Ach nein!* As the Ostriches.

Aug. *Les autruches?*

Lud. *Ja wohl, in Wien.*

Aug. *Wien? Ah parfaitement! Vous dites à Vienne. Les Autrichiens.*

Lud. That have I said. The Englanders are unashamed. To the example, in Samoa—

Aug. Ah, dear Mister, Samoa it is not nothing! For we other French it is one other pair of sleeves. *Fashoda! Hélas!*

Lud. They are all robbers.

Aug. Of veritables brigands. *Tiens!* He is eleven hours, at Paris ten hours. Permit that I write one despatch to my agent of change. I go to buy some actions of the mines of gold of the Transvaal. They are in base—*en baisse*. And, more late, one shall attend some prices incredibles! Are they brutal the English! But we other French ourselves we know not to govern our colonies as them. They are of a sageness. As soon these ignorant farmers chased from Pretoria, he will have there down one true régime de liberté, d'égalité et de fraternité, that of the free England. The Boers themselves shall have more of justice. But say not one word of all this. *Et alors quelles recettes des mines!* Je vais gagner mon petit bénéfice, moi aussi! I buy my actions before the war.

Lud. *Kolossal!* You are very wise. That shall I also do. The dear Boers, I love them much, but their governing is shriekly. So telegraph I also towards Berlin.

Aug. You comprehend well, dear Mister. I despise always this odious CHAMBERLAIN. *C'est un monstre!* But grace to his politic, we other French, and you also dear Mister, we go to gain some mad sums.

Lud. *Ein abscheulicher Mensch!* But you have right. *Telegraphieren wir sofort.*

## SALLY MEDICIN-ALLY.

[“A Danish doctor, having seen the game of Aunt SALLY in England, now prescribes it for lady patients subject to temper. After sufficient throws good humour invariably returns.”—*Daily Paper*.]

OF all the sports for womenkind

There's none like old Aunt SALLY;

Upon the body and the mind

It acts—eventually.

There is no fetish on the earth

So powerful as SALLY,

And Danish doctors see its worth,

Prescribed medicinally.

Of all discoveries, I ween,

Male man will reckon this chief,

A safety valve to come between

A woman and her mischief.

For when her mood is shrewish, rude,

Or vexed phenomenally,

Sal. *aunt. ter die*, after food,

Will cure her physic-ally.

“MADE TO ORDER.”—The Commander-in-Chief.

## ARTFUL AND CRAFTY.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—When you were kind enough to allow me to visit the New Gallery to see the excellent contents of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, I was slightly nervous, as the commission was what may be termed "a large order." The Society holds its show once in three years, and naturally the preparations must be of far-reaching character. However, I was somewhat reassured when, in exchange for my ticket, I was courteously handed a catalogue.

The first exhibit that attracted my attention was a fountain, but on referring to my guide-book I could not discover its number. Then I saw some most comfortable seats (occupied by weary sightseers), but these again were uncatalogued. I accounted for these seeming omissions by the fact that my volume was said to be "under revision." It is only right to say that the fountain appeared to me to be a fixture, and my impression is strengthened by a faint recollection of having seen the exhibit in the same place on other occasions.

On glancing at the catalogue, I was much struck by the evident utilitarian spirit in which those responsible for the collection had undertaken what must have been at once a duty and a labour of love. Here was a "Tea-cosy," there a cushion-square. I was much pleased with the designs for the various costumes in the Art Workers Guild Masque. "Hope" was extremely good, and "Smell"—if I may venture on an opinion—even better. Then I came upon suggestions for stained-glass windows, and finding that most of the exhibits were on sale, thought of purchasing one of the designs for myself. I was induced to take this course of action into consideration, as I feel that I had better put up a window to myself during my lifetime as there might be some hesitation in paying me the graceful compliment when circumstances over which I would have had no control had rendered me voiceless. Unfortunately I could not discover any design that was exactly appropriate, as none of the figures suggested my career as a militiaman and a rather prominent member of a not unimportant suburban "parliament."

There was one piece of excellent work that filled me with admiration. It was suggestive of fairy-land. Light, elegant, beautiful. On reference to the catalogue, I ascertained it was "An oak dresser." This outcome of the arts and crafts I should certainly have attempted to have made my own were it not that I stand in terror of the temper of our "job cook." I feared that if I carried the dresser into the kitchen, I would excite the ire of our retainer (retained from week to week at the cost of a pound for seven days), who might refuse it admission. Besides, we have a kitchen dresser already, which serves its purpose sufficiently well, but which cannot for a moment enter into competition with any other object of the same class on the score of its aesthetic loveliness.

Among other interesting items, I came across a "gesso panel" which I found representing "Peace." This I would have willingly secured for the acceptance of Mr. KRÜGER. But I felt that it would be "pushful" for me to take the initiative. Were a present to be made to the President



Miss Vavasour de Paynk. 'CAPTAIN RIDLEY! WHY I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU HERE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GONE TO FIGHT THOSE HORRID BOERS!'  
Captain Ridley. 'HAW! LITTLE PESSIMIST!'

of the Transvaal, it should come from the Government of this country, and not from a private individual. And, alas! the present relations of "that Government" with "this Government" put a bar to an act which would be at once courteous and superfluous.

For the rest, the other exhibits were equally delightful. All of them were beautiful, and quite a fair percentage useful.

And now, my dear Editor, I have complied with your request to "do" the New Gallery. I have to ask a favour. I have some difficulty in selecting an appropriate *nom de plume*—will you kindly supply the omission? Yours sincerely, IDIOT.

\* With pleasure. See above.—ED.

## GOING THE SPACE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—There seems to be a general desire on the part of Responsible Authorities round about London to acquire Open Spaces for the benefit of the Public. The latest edition is Dollis Hill, where Mr. GLADSTONE used to coruscate between

HOMER, Mr. PARNELL and the Vatican. I am all in favour of Open Spaces, but why not make the Spaces within measurable distance of Common (or Garden) Sense? At the present moment we have the finest Open Space in Europe, Her Majesty's Park of Hyde to wit, open to everybody, but except to the loafers who lie on the grass (I am not referring to Rotten Row or the Ladies' Mile) it is an Oasis of Desolation. Why forbid the cheerful Café Chantant, the rollicking Restaurant, and the blithesome Bier Garten so esteemed on the Continent? These are not places where people get rampant in opposition to Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S methods. On the contrary, they are spots devoted to *al fresco* domesticity. If Dollis Hill be secured, let it be a Park that keeps pace with the times. Yours obediently, MULTUM IN PARKO.

Willesden Junction.

THE UNCORKING OF THE RIGHT KIND OF SPIRIT (from our own Irrepressible One).—When KRÜGER "Schnapps" his fingers at Great Britain.





A SURPRISED PARTY.

"WHY THE D-D-DOOSE DON'T YOU RING YOUR BELL?"

## THE HIGHLAND GAMES AT MACJIGGITY.

WHILST staying at MacFoolle Castle, my excellent host insisted that I should accompany him to see the Highland Games. The MACFOOLLE himself is a typical Hiellander, and appeared in a kilt and jelly-bag—philabeg, I mean. Suggested to him that I should go, attired in pair of bathing-drawers, Norfolk jacket, and Glengarry cap, but he, for some inscrutable reason of his own, negatived the idea. Had half a mind to dress in kilt myself, but finally decided against the national costume as being too draughty. Arrived on ground, and found that "tossing the caber" was in full progress. Braw laddies struggled, in turn, with enormous tree trunk. The idea of the contest is, that whoever succeeds in killing the greatest number of spectators by hurling the tree on to them, wins the prize. Fancy these laddies had been hung too long, or else they were particularly braw. Moved up to windward of them promptly.

"Who is the truculent-looking villain with red whiskers?" I ask.

"Hush!" says my host, in awed tones. "That is the MACGINGER himself!"

I grovel. Not that I have ever even heard his name before, but I don't want to show my ignorance before the MACFOOLLE. The competition of pipers was next in order, and I took to my heels and fled. Rejoined MACFOOLLE half an hour later to witness the dancing. On a large raised platform sat the judges, with the mighty MACGINGER himself at their head. Can't quite make out whether the dance is a Reel, a Strathspey, a Haggis, or a Skirl—sure it is one or the other. Just as I ask for information, amid a confusing whirl of arms and legs and "Hoots!" a terrific crack is heard, and the platform, as though protesting at the indignities heaped upon it, suddenly gives way, and in a moment, dancers, pipers, and judges are hurled in a confused and struggling heap to the ground. The MACGINGER falls upon some bag-pipes, which emit dismal groanings beneath his massive weight. This ends the dancing prematurely, and a notice is immediately put up all round the grounds that (to take its place) "There will be another competition of bag-pipes." I read it, evaded the MACFOOLLE, and fled.

## THE PEACE PARTY.

["There is but one party in the Cabinet, the party of peace."—*Mr. Balfour.*]

No Jingoos we

A-thirst for war,

Although you see

This army corps;

These guns to fire

We don't propose,—

Our one desire

Is to love our foes.

But the fact is this,

*Si pacem vis,*

(You've heard the quote before?)

If you wish for peace

You must increase

Your faculty for war.

And that is why the trumpets bray,

And the troops are sailing day by day,

And the doctors stitch and the nurses

sew—

It's all in the service of peace, you

know.

Then fee-fu-fum! Let the foeman come;

The question we'll very soon settle

With a dum-dum-dum of the big, big drum

And a rub-a-dub-dub of the kettle.

And when we close with our well-loved foes,

We'll give them a welcome hearty

As up we run with the maxim gun,

For we are the great Peace Party.

## FRIENDLY FRENCH ANTICIPATION.

IN view of the reported retreat of English troops in the early stages of the Transvaal trouble, we may expect our amiable friends on the Parisian Press joyously to blossom forth in headlines, something after the following fashion:—

Defeat Of The English.

Perfidie Albion Annihilated At Last.

Fashoda And Waterloo Avenged.

Consternation In London.

Queen Victoria Resigns.

The Cabinet Collapses.

Sir Salisbury Commits Suicide.

Hon. Chamberlain, Esq., Has A Fit.

Members Of The Parliament Drown Them-

selves In The Serpentine.

French Savants Of Soho Seize Soho

Square.

British Empire Bankrupt.

Vive La France!

## THE GREATEST OF THESE.

["The Recessional—the greatest poem written by any living man."—*Sir E. Clarke.*]

OF jingling verse how much is made!

What scores there be that try it,

And even, with good luck, persuade

A publisher to buy it!

But what is this same vapid brew?

The merest babe may know it's

Not poetry at all. Then who,

Who are the living poets?

Well—place *aux dames*!—the first is she

Whose patriotic solemn

Do dignify the *Times* (*q. v.*

*Sub* advertising column);

Then England's ALFRED, whose great pen

Adorns these self-same pages

On various occasions when

The British Lion rages.

But yet another doth remain,

At whom the world is lost in

Blind wonder: he out-Oakleighs JANE,

Out-Austins Mr. AUSTIN.

These three are great ones, if you please,

The best and up-to-datest

Of living poets, and of these

Great KIPLING is the greatest.

## PRACTICE AND PREACH.

["Mr. HAY MORGAN, Baptist minister of Stamford Hill, who is lately called to the Bar, has decided to continue his spiritual work, contending that the combination of barrister and minister is not incompatible."—*Daily Paper.*]

LEARNED (or Reverend?) Sir, whose guile

Is blended still with awe,

Boldly you strive to reconcile

The Gospel and the Law.

The Bar, that many brand as sin,

Bars not your sanctity,

Because undoubtedly your inn

Will in a temple be.

Though still your flock bid you retain

Your functions pastoral,

You, while their pastor you remain,

Accept another "call."

But while your sermons urge that each

Make joys eternal his,

'Tis strange that, when thus-wise you

preach,

"Brief" life your portion is.

## Political Ornithology.

Hodge (after spelling through paper).

What's an Afrigander, missus?

Missus. Why, the 'usband of an Afri-

goose, o' course.

Hodge. And what's an Afrigoose?

Missus. Why, a hostrich, o' course!

NEW NAME (for the Winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Jockey Club Stakes).—Fly-in-first Fox.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY!—Shot down in front of his door—a ton of coals.